Sunday School ADVOCATE

J. D. FELTER – ENG.

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Kenneth's Success.

"IT'S no' much I can do," said Kenneth Grant to himself, "but I'll try my best to help mither." And that was why he sat so patiently hour after hour with his fishing-rod in hand, hoping at last to get something toward the meal which "mither" hardly knew how to supply for her hungry, sturdy family of boys and girls in her Highland cottage.

There was no father to work; he was living, truly, but so ill and weak that he was only a burden now upon the wife, whose hands were already full; and so at last they had settled to leave their own land and go south to London, where friends had promised to help them, and to put the boys in the way of helping themselves as they grew older.

That day, as Kenneth sat fishing, he was thinking a great deal about the journey, wondering what this city of London might be of which he heard so much talk, and how father and the rest would fare there, so very far away from home. But he did not speak his thoughts to Jamie and Alec and the younger ones. Their heads were full of Kenneth's success, and when they trudged home with their fish to mother, they were prouder than he was of the result of his patient waiting.

A month later and the Scottish laddies were away in the south, and already they had lost something from their sturdiness and health; or perhaps it was that they missed the bracing air of their own mountains. But this was nothing to the sad change in the father; he sank rapidly, and was soon at rest in a crowded cemetery in the strange country.

Bitter was the poor wife's grief that she should bury him there, away from his own "bonnie Scotland," as she said; but Poverty is a stern master, and she had no means to return to her own kindred, or to lay him to rest among those who had known and loved him.

Then began the hard battle of life for the lonely woman, but Kenneth was her great comfort. The same spirit which had taught him from his earliest childhood to "help mither," taught him now to shrink from no hardship or difficulty which lay before him. Her friends, who had brought them to the south, came forward now and put the eldest boy at a suitable school, where he might receive an education which should fit him to support himself in trade. Ah, how Kenneth worked! how he toiled by day and far into the night with that one end, that one aim—his mother—to keep him from wearying. Sneers, taunts, laughter, surrounded him; his Scottish dialect, his look, his simple manners, all were made fun of by his companions, but he bore every thing without murmuring or complaint.

And then the tide turned, and every one began to find out that Kenneth Grant was more than painstaking; he was clever—brilliantly clever; and so as he grew older he was tried by praise, but even through that he remained unmoved. Simply and steadfastly he pursued his way, his one thought centered in mother and home.

All that is years ago. The little thoughtful laddie is a man now in a good way of business. He has helped himself and helped his brothers to make their way in a strange land, and the people say that the Grants have been wonderfully fortunate; but the mother knows that under God the "fortune" has lain in the goodness and perseverance of her eldest boy, and she is a proud and happy woman as she looks round on her children, and thanks their Father in heaven for his goodness to them all. One wish, and only one, is in her heart, and that is to see her "ain countrie" before she dies; and Kenneth means to give it her, too, and already they are planning a visit to the old place—the cottage, the glen, and the little stream where was their happy Highland home long, long ago.

A very quiet little story! not much in it to cause wonder or amusement, but it bears with it its own lesson—that not by great deeds do we win the crown of success, but by faithful perseverance in common daily duty. By the steady aim at a noble purpose we shall achieve all, and more than all, for which we hope and strive.—*Chatterbox.*

The True Water.

Some travelers were passing over a dry, sandy desert. They were hot and tired, and parched with thirst, and they longed for some water. "See," said the guide; "look where those three palm-trees rise out of that little patch of grass; there we shall find a little spring oozing out of the ground that will satisfy us all." "That is a mere puddle," said one of the travelers; "it is not enough to satisfy us. Look yonder; there is a vast lake. How odd that we did not notice it before! Let us make haste up to it."

The travelers all turned where he pointed with his finger, and they saw, to their great surprise, a beautiful lake that seemed not far off. They all shouted for joy, and began to run toward it. But the guide cried, "Stop! I know this country well, and I can tell you that yonder lake is not real water. It is only a pretense, and when you come close to it you will find it has vanished.

But the travelers said, "Have we not eyes? Can we not see for ourselves? Come, let us leave this lazy guide, if he will not come with us." So they all ran toward the lake. But when they came close to it they found it was just as the guide said. The seeming lake vanished, and there was nothing but dry sand where they had hoped to find water. Then they were very sorry, and said, "We ought to have believed the guide; now we must go back to him."

"Nay," said one of them, "have patience. Look, there is another lake a little further off." They raised their eyes, and, true enough, there lay a beautiful lake that seemed not a mile off. But the wisest of the travelers said, "No, that is perhaps not true water; perhaps it will vanish like the first lake. Let us go back."

So the travelers went back to the spring where they had left the guide, and when they came they found the water was enough to satisfy the thirst of every one of them. But one foolish man, instead of going back, went further forward, following the false lake, which kept vanishing whenever he came near it. Night came on, and he lay down all alone, ready to die with thirst. I do not know what became of him; but I hope the good guide found him next day, and brought him back to the true water.

Your soul, as well as your body, wants something to satisfy it. Perhaps you think you would be satisfied all your life if you had plenty of pleasant things, or as much money as you liked; but you would not. Suppose you had all these things, yet, if all people disliked you, and you disliked them, you would not feel satisfied; you would say, "I do not feel easy; I do not feel at peace."

True peace comes to us when we love all people like brothers and sisters. Jesus helps us to love one another, and he alone can give us true peace. Some people say, "We shall be satisfied and happy if we can get plenty of money, or if we can have houses and gardens and farms, or if we can make people praise us, and say we are clever." But money and houses and praise cannot give us peace. They are like the false lakes. When we get them, we find the peace is not there. It has vanished from its place, and seems to have gone further off. Pray to Jesus and say, "Give us that peace which the world cannot give."

The Color-Changes of the Chameleon.

But the color-changes of the chameleon form perhaps the most interesting phenomenon connected with this animal. We need not repeat the fabulous stories told about these color-changes; the facts which can be strictly verified by direct observation are wonderful enough without the adornments of imagination. These changes of color range from whity-yellow, through yellow, bright and dark green, to dull black; and these diversities of coloration may affect the entire surface of the animal, or one or the other of its sides, or may appear only in spots. When the chameleon is asleep, and not exposed to the direct rays of the sun, its color is a whity-yellow; when basking in the sun, it is a dingy black or dusty brown. On being aroused from sleep, the side which is first awakened assumes a darker shade. There is reason for believing that sunlight, apart from the warmth which accompanies it, is very grateful to the chameleon, and, in response to this stimulus, he at once begins his play of color. M. Paul Bert, a French *savant*, whose name is familiar to American readers, has for some time been engaged in studying the anatomy and mechanism of these phenomena. In the skin of the chameleon he finds a close net-work of minute ducts, connecting with pigment-vesicles situated on its under surface. When the coloring liquid is all retained in these vesicles the animal's skin appears yellowish, that being the color of the semi-transparent epidermis. When the liquid is injected into the ducts the color of the animal changes, the tint depending on the degree of tension in the ducts. If a nerve be cut, the region of the chamelon's body to which that nerve was distributed becomes at once a deep black, and no more color-changes occur over that area. If a piece of the skin be placed under a microscope it will appear black. Pass a current of electricity through it, and there will be seen white vacuoles, which coalesce into irregularly-shaped masses, and these in turn break up into minute vacuoles again, leaving the field of a greenish color. Stop the current, and the reverse order of phenomena appears. M. Bert finds that the effect of curare on the chameleon is to give it a very dark color, while chloroform, on the contrary, lightens the tint; but when given in quantity sufficient to destroy the animal's life, chloroform darkens the color. Bert is disposed to believe that the chameleon possesses a special set of "color-nerves" distinct from the motor and sensory systems, and that these nerves are under the control of the will.—*Popular Science Monthiy.*

The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom.

The Cyclone.

The storm of March last in Georgia and South Carolina was one of the most terrific of which we have ever read. The Sparta (Ga.) *Planter* says: "We have several times heard it positively asserted that a bureau was carried by the tornado from Mr. Massey's place to Mr. Dunn's, a distance of nine miles, and left in the latter gentleman's yard. According to reports, so far, the loss of life in Glascock county was much greater than elsewhere. Up to Wednesday twenty-five persons had been buried in that county. Heavy forest oaks that had withstood the storms of ages were uprooted in Glascock county. The small, slim saplings that would bend to the ground without breaking, had the bark entirely peeled off. In a ravine some two hundred yards off we saw an oil-can battered almost into a round ball. We saw a common hinge driven to the joint into a pine tree. The joint exposed is nearly two inches wide and two and a half in length. Gravel and small stones were driven with such force as to stick fast into hard, naked trees. We cut some out which had penetrated to the depth of half an inch. Scattered about the yard are dead chickens, the house cat, rats, etc. Dead rabbits and birds were also along the track."

One of the latest accounts of the tornado in South Carolina says: "The tornado struck Mr. Rhem's place, in Georgetown County, about eighteen miles from the court-house, and blew down, wrung off, or took from the roots all trees in the space of a quarter of a mile wide, and as far as the eye could reach a direction eastward. On Mr. Rhem's land alone upward of 20,000 trees were leveled to the ground, not a single tree having escaped unharmed. A large number of them were wrung off at twelve to fifteen inches from the ground, a great many torn up by the roots, and others blown down. Mr. Rhem says that not one perfect tree can be found in the space which the hurricane passed over. Even a cypress, measuring more than three feet in diameter, was wrung off and almost torn to atoms. Mr. Rhem estimates his loss at over $3,000. The house of Mr. Daniel Johnson, in the same county, was blown down and his wife fatally injured. Vast damage was done to the small farmers, particularly by the loss of their turpentine trees and houses. On the same day, and about the same time, another tornado coming from an opposite direction passed over land ten miles above Mr. Rhem's place, destroying a large number of turpentine trees, and doing incalculable damage to the fences and buildings in the neighborhood. No damage was done to life or property in the village."

Salvation of Children.

I hate to hear people say, "They have received a pack of children into the Church." "A pack of children!" Yes, and if Jesus carries them in his bosom, surely you are not imitating Christ, nor exhibiting much of his spirit, when you look down upon them or despise them. To me one soul is as good as another. I rejoice as much in the addition of the poorest mechanic to this Church as if he were a peer of the realm. I am grateful to God when I hear of repentance in the young as in the aged, for souls, after all, are not affected in value by rank or age. Immortal spirits are all priceless, and not to be weighed in the scale with worlds. I pray you, therefore, rejoice if the Spirit of God dwells in the lowly or in the great, in the young or in the old. He is the self-same Spirit; he makes each renewed person equally his temple, and each saved one is equally a jewel of Christ, dear to the heart of the eternal Father, beloved by him who redeemed all his people alike with his most precious blood.—*Spurgeon.*

Sunday-School Advocate.

JULY 24, 1875.

J. H. VINCENT, Editor.
ASSISTED BY
J. M. FREEMAN, and
MARY A. LATHBURY,
"Aunt May."

The Catechism.

"O, WHAT a horrid thing to think about!" some would say.

We fully appreciate the dislike which many children and young people have to the Catechism. We can understand how the little girl should wish for "a little *kitten*-chism," because "the big *cat*-echism" was so hard. We imagine too, that some of our readers are ready to ask just here, "Why talk about so disagreeable a subject when the weather is so hot. Put it off until some other time."

That is exactly the way many do put it off, from one time to another, and never attend to it at all. Yet there are some who do not look upon the Catechism as altogether disagreeable; who do not make wry faces over it, and declare it is impossible to learn it. And we believe that many others would be more interested in it if they would take time to think about it.

What is the Catechism? A book which teaches the doctrines of the Bible, and, that they may the more easily be understood and remembered, puts them in proper order, and arranges the whole in the form of question and answer. It tells about God and man; of sin and salvation; of Jesus Christ who came to save sinners; of the way to heaven, and how to escape hell; and many other subjects which it is important for us to know.

Let children learn the answers to these questions, and they will retain them in their memory, and as they grow older they will get a clearer meaning of the truths taught.

"But it is so hard to learn them," a great many say.

So is it hard to learn a great many other things. There is no royal road to learning. Every body must expect to work in order to learn. If we learn only that which is easy, we shall not acquire much valuable knowledge of any sort.

One reason why the Catechism is hard to many is because they try to learn too much of it at once. A few questions at a time will secure the purpose much better.

"But," it is sometimes said, "there is no time for it. Our Sunday-school lesson takes up so much time."

Time can be made in every Sunday-school class for five questions in the Catechism every Sunday, if teachers and scholars both say they WILL, and this would carry you through the Catechism of our Church in less than six months. A few minutes on Sunday, or on some other day, could be taken at home, with parents or brothers and sisters, for a similar purpose.

WHERE THERE'S A WILL THERE'S A WAY.

The Park of Palestine.

There were a good many of the readers of the SUNDAY-SCHOOL ADVOCATE at Chautauqua last summer, and we expect to see many more there this year. Remember the time. August Third is the day of opening and August Seventeenth the day of closing. Of course all the children who were there last year will try to be there again this summer, and many who could not get there will no doubt make every effort to be present at this time.

Here are some pictures which represent different parts of the "Park of Palestine," which was one of the most attractive features of the Assembly. It seemed almost like traveling through the Holy Land itself to walk over these miniature hills, and across the little valleys; only we could hardly overcome the feeling that we had on a pair of seven-leagued boots, such as the story-books tell about, by which one could stride over miles of country at one step.

EBAL AND GERIZIM.

JERUSALEM.

The first picture represents Ebal and Gerizim, where the blessings and curses were pronounced, as recorded in Josh. viii, 30–35.

Next we have the Holy City itself—Jerusalem. It was built of *plaster of Paris*, both walls and houses, and you could step across the whole city without any difficulty!

Now we stand at the southern end of the land, and, looking northward, see the Dead Sea and Valley of the Jordan.

THE DEAD SEA AND VALLEY OF THE JORDAN.

SEA OF GALILEE AND MOUNT HERMON.

The white mound at the north is Mount Hermon, of which we give a better view in the next picture, which shows the Sea of Galilee and Mount Hermon.

There was real water in both the Dead Sea and the Sea of Galilee, as well as in the River Jordan. Mount Hermon was covered with *plaster* to represent the perpetual snow which crowns its head ten thousand feet above the sea. Its top was reached by means of steps cut in the rear. Just think of going *up stairs* to get to the top of a mountain! The trees you see back of Mount Hermon are *a part of the woods which border Chautauqua Lake!* You see that this Palestine Park rather mixes our geography, but it cannot be helped, and we all know what it means.

The Park will be more beautiful this year than last. Let all who can go and see it.

Berean Bulletin.—1875.

Sabbath, August 1.

1. Lesson:

THE WATER OF LIFE. John iv, 5–15.

2. Topic:

Help for the Thirsty Soul—Jesus the Water of Life.

3. Golden Text.

Therefore with joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation. Isa. xii, 3.

4. Home Readings:

M. John iv, 5–15. *Th.* John vii, 28–39.
Tu. Isa. lv. *F.* 1 Cor. x, 1–13.
W. Jer. xvii, 7–14. *S.* Psa. xlii.
S. Rev. xxii, 1–14.

New Books.

HOME STORY SERIES No. 2. Nelson & Phillips. Three volumes in a box. 1. Vacation Stories. 2. Stories for Little People. 3. Fireside Stories.

There are sixty-two different stories in all, illustrated by nine beautiful engravings. These volumes are written by Miss Augusta Larned, who is well known as a writer, and whose pen never writes any thing that is not wholesome and interesting.

OUTLINES OF CHURCH HISTORY. By John F. Hurst. Nelson & Phillips.

This is one of the Normal Outline Series we are issuing to help Sunday-school teachers and advanced Sunday-school scholars. Though a thin volume of only 98 pages, it contains material enough for a large book. Any boy or girl, or any body else, who masters the contents of this book will have a good knowledge of Church history. Dr. Hurst has shown his usual good taste in the arrangement of the work, and has helped it very much by the beautiful maps, eight in number, which illustrate it.

ST. JOHN'S METHODIST EPISCOPAL SABBATH-SCHOOL of Brooklyn, New York, publish every month a beautiful eight-paged paper, elegantly printed, and illustrated by numerous superior engravings. We are indebted to Mr. Joseph F. Knapp, the genial superintendent of this famous school of a thousand scholars, for a bound copy of the third volume of "Our Paper," as it is called. It certainly reflects great credit on the taste and liberality of those who provide such beautiful helps in Sunday-school work. If any of our readers visit Brooklyn do not fail to see this grand school.

Helps to the Lesson for August 1.

Samaria. One of the provinces of Palestine, lying between Judea on the South and Galilee on the North.

Sychar. Called also Sichem, Gen. xii, 6; Sychem, Acts vii, 16; afterward called Neapolis, and now, Nablus. It was in the valley between Ebal and Gerizim.

Jacob's well. This is still in existence, and is often visited by travelers. It is cut out of the rock, is nine feet in diameter and about seventy-five feet deep, though various estimates have been made from sixty-five feet to over a hundred.

Sixth hour. At noon.

There cometh a woman. It was the business of the women to draw water.

The Jews have no dealings with the Samaritans. The Samaritans are supposed to have been the descendants of the foreign people who were brought by the King of Assyria to inhabit the land after he had taken the ten tribes away into captivity, (see 2 Kings xvii, 24) and of the few Israelites who were allowed to remain after the rest had gone. The Jews hated these Samaritans with a deadly enmity and would have no dealings with them, but treated them with the utmost contempt. Hence the woman's surprise that Jesus, whom she recognized as a Jew, should ask her for water.

Thou hast nothing to draw with. To get water from a deep well in the East a rope is fastened to the leathern bucket or earthen jar, which is let down into the well, sometimes by means of a pulley, and sometimes by merely sliding the rope over the stone curb of the well.

WOMEN DRAWING WATER.

[Answers to questions in the Bay Window, and all letters designed for it, may be addressed to Miss Mary A. Lathbury, Box 121, Station D, New York.]

What a Bay Window full!

Here are *fifty* girls and boys who have come to tell us about the geographical puzzle. There are so many of you that we cannot call you all by name, but we are glad to see you. Mr. Martin introduces four little girls from his school at one time, and so by twos and one by one they are still coming.

Alice M. Philbrick, of Taunton, Mass., has sent us the "banner" list of names in response to the geographical puzzle. She has not only a correct list of the twenty-five names, but adds others which may be found in the puzzle, making the number thirty.

Of those whose lists were nearly correct we may mention H. P. Chapin, Mary M'Kellor, Kittie Whittaker, three girls, (Louise Benton, Ella Ashley, and Isa Ellicott,) Fannie M'Coy, and Elmer A. Lord. We have also forty-one lists which are more or less imperfect, yet in all the greater number of names is correct. The following list comprises the names originally wrought into the puzzle:—

Framingham, Hartford, Lancaster, St. Cloud, Crown Point, Ballston, New Castle, Manhattan, Cologne, Mount Holly, Harrison, Marblehead, Lyons, Erie, Lapland, Lockport, Colorado, Carmel, Cork, Manchester, Essex, La Crosse, Pâris, Chester, Belleville.

Ten additional names have been sent us which may be found in the puzzle: Sleepy-eye, (a town in Minnesota,) Sunny-side, White Cloud, Loche, Keyport, Newport, Oldport, Portchester, Middlesex, and Essex *Junction*, the last-named bit of ingenuity originating with Fred R. Kelsey. Elmer A. Lord's paper is most carefully and beautifully written.

Among the fifty who prepared lists of geographical names was Emma C. White, of Madrid, N. Y. Her list was beautifully written, and correct with the exception of one word. It came to us accompanied by this sad note:—

"Emma C. White, daughter of Rev. D. B. White, who wrote the above, died May 24, aged seventeen. She loved the Advocate, but this will be her last communication to it. Her loss is a sad bereavement, but we strive to submit to the Providence that sometimes metes out to us such sorrowful dispensations. D. B. W."

A PICTURE STORY.

We offer a prize—a book—for the best translation of this picture story. Let it be in prose, unless you can better express it in rhyme, and let it be sent *within a month*.

Grace makes a man honest to himself, his neighbor, and his God.

Good Advice to Boys.

Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, the great London preacher, gives boys the following bit of good advice:—"Do not imagine that you cannot now be Christians; the gifts of our heavenly Father's love are not reserved for a certain age; boys may be saved, boys may be workers for Jesus, boys may bring great glory to God. Hence it is that just now, at this particular turning point in your lives, we are anxious to see you resolute for the right way. May the Holy Spirit incline you to resolve to be the Lord's! Others may despise your conscientious choice, and make mirth of your holy carefulness, but what matters it? Some of us have been laughed at for these twenty years, and are none the worse for it; we have had all manner of evil spoken falsely of us for Christ's name's sake, but we are all the happier for it. O boys, if you are renewed in heart, and become for life and death the Redeemer's, none can really harm you; all must be right with him who is right with God. Hold on, then, to the Sabbath-school, and when you cease to be taught, become teachers. Hold on by the Sabbath services and all the ordinances of the house of the Lord, and say, like Ruth to Naomi, 'Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God.'"

How the Spider Builds.

Having first decided upon the general location of her net, the spider probably takes position head downward upon the "leeward" side of a twig or small branch, or upon its top, and then, turning her abdomen outward, expresses from her spinners a drop of gum, which instantly dries so as to form a fine end of a silken thread. This is taken by the wind (and careful experiments have proved that a current of air is absolutely necessary to the extension of the line) and wafted outward, waving from side to side, and usually tending upward from its extreme lightness, until at last it touches some other branch at a greater or less distance from the first. When this stoppage is perceived by the spider, she turns about and pulls in the slack line until she is sure that the other end is fast. If it holds, she attaches her end firmly by pressing her spinners upon the wood, so as to include the line. The first and most important step in the construction of all geometrical nets has now been taken, and the spider can meet with no serious difficulty in completing her task.—*Prof. Wilder.*

I remember a great man coming to my house at Waltham, and seeing all my children standing in the order of their age and stature, he said, "These are they that make rich men poor;" but he straight received this answer: "Nay, my lord, these are they that make a poor man rich, for there is not one of these whom we would part with for all your wealth."—*Bishop Hall.*

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